NOT ACCORDING TO THE CODE

A STORY OF REVENGE.

BY ROBERT BARR.

Even a stranger to the big town, walking fe the first time through London, sees on the sides of the houses many names with which he has love been familiar. His procognition has cost he firms these names represent much money in advertising. The stranger has had the names becare him for years in newspapers and magnare, on the boardings, and on boards by the miway side, paying little heed to them at the the tot they have been indelibly impressed on the brain, and when he wishes soap or pills his - classest automatically frame the words most auniliar to them. Thus are the lavish same ment in advertising justified, and thus are many excellent publications made possible.

When you come to ponder over the matter, it cems strange that there should ever be any man behind the names so lavishly adver seed that there should be a genuine Smith or lings whose justly celebrated medicines work and wonders, or whose soap will clean even a culty on science, Granting the actual exstence of these persons, and probing still carther into the mystery, can any one imagino hat the excellent Smith, to whom thousands of former sufferers send entirely unsolicited testimonials, or the admirable Jones, whom prima lounas love because his soap preserves their dainty complexions-can any one credit the fact that Smith and Jones have passions like other men, have hatreds, likes, and distikes?

Such a condition of things, incredible as it may appear, exists in London. There are mer the metropolis, utterly unknown personally, whose names are more widely spread over the earth than the names of the greatest novelists, living or dead, and these men have feeling and form like unto ourselves.

There was the firm of Danby & Strong for in stance. The name may mean nothing to any reader of these pages, but there was a time when it was well known and widely advertised, not only in England, but over the greater part of the world as well. It did a great business, as every firm that spends a fortune every year in advertising is bound to do. It was in the old paper-collar days. There actually was a time when the majority of men wore paper collars, and, when you come to think of it, the wonder is that the paper collar trade ever fell away as it did, when you consider with what vile laundries London is and always has been cursed. Take the Danby & Strong collars, for instance, advertised as being similar to linen, so that only an expert could tell the difference. That was Strong's invention. Before he invented the Piccadilly collar, so called, paper collars had a brilliant glaze that would not have deceived the most recent arrival from the most remote shire in the country. Strong devised method by which a slight linen film was put on the paper, adding strength to the collar and ar You bought a pasteboard box containing a dozen of these collars for something like the price you paid for the washing of half a dozen them ones. The Danby & Strong Piccadilly collar jumped at once into great popularity and the wonder is that the linen collar ever recovered from the blow dealt it by this ingenious interesting.

invention.

Curiously enough, during the time the firm was struggling to establish itself, the two members of it were the best of friends, but when prosperity came to them causes of differences arise, and their relations, as the papers say of warlike nations, became strained. Whether the fault lay with John Danby or with William Strong no one has ever been able to find out. They had mutual friends that claimed that each of them was a good fellow, but those frigorids always added that Strong and Danby div not "hit it off."

Strong was a bitter man when around and

dri not "hit it off."

Strong was a bitter man when aroused and could generally be counted upon to use harsh language. Damby was quieter, but there was a sulien streak of stubbornness in him that did not tend to the making up of a quarrel. They had been past the speaking point for more than a year, when there came a crisis in their relations with each other which ended in disaster to the business carried on under the title of Panby & Strong. Nether man would budge, and between them the business suck to ruin. Where competition is heree no firm can stand ar anst it if there is internal dissension. Danby held his ground quietly but firmly; Strong raged and cursed, but was equally steadfast in not yielding a point. Each hated the other so bitterly that each was willing to lose his exolid bring ruin on his partner.

We are all rather prone to be misled by appearances. As one walks down Piccadilly or the Strand or Fleet street and meets numerous irreproachably dressed men with glossy tall hats and polished boots, with affable manners and a courteous way of deporting themselves toward their fellows, we are apit to fall into the fallacy of believing that these gentlemen are civilized. We fail to realize that if you probe in the right direction you will do hay forth the warmest commendation would draw forth the warmest commendation ong was a bitter man when aroused and generally be counted upon to use harsh

ome upon possibilities of savagery that draw forth the warmest commendation

would draw forth the warmest commendation from a Pawnee Indian. There are reputable liasiness men in London who would, if they dared, the an enemy to a stake and roast him over a slow life, and these men have succeeded so well, not only in deceiving their neighbors, but also themselves, that they would actually but also themselves, that they would actually be offended if you told them so. If law were essended in London for one day, during which time none of us would be held answerable for any deed then done, how many of us would go out to pot some favorite enemy and would oubtless be potted ourselves before we got safely home again.

The lime, however, is a great restrainer and helps to keep the death rate from reaching excessive proportions. One department of the law enished out the remnant of the business of Messrs, leashly & Strong, leaving the firm bankingst, while another department of the law prevented either of the partners taking the life of the other.

When Strong found himself penniless he cursed, as was his habit, and wrote to a friend in Texas, asking if he could get anything to do ever there. He was tired of a country of law and order, he said, which was not as complinentary to Texas as it might have been. But his remark only guest to show what extraordinary ideas Englishmen have of foreign parts. The friend's answer was not very encouraging, but, nevertheless, Strong got himself out there estanched, and in course of time became a cowboy. He grew resonably expert with his revolves and rade a mustang as well as could be expected, considering that he had never seen which an animal in London, even at the Zoo. The tife of ascowboy on a Texas ranch leads to the forgetting of such things as linen shirts and paper collars.

Strong's hatred of Danby never ceased, but the leads to this do thin less often.

Conwright, circ. by Robert Bave.

thought it was George. Most Englishmen are George, you know."
Strong looked at the card, but the lettering seemed to waver before his eyes. He made out, however, that John Danby had an address in New York, and that he was the American representative of the irm of Danby & Strong, London. Strong placed the card on the counter before him.

"I used to know Mr. Denby, and I would like to meet him. Where do you think I could find him?"

"Well, as I said before, you could see him right here in Galveston, but if you are in a hurry you might eateh him at Broncho Junction on Thursday night."

"He is travelling by rail, then?"

"No, he is not. He went by rail as far as Felixopolis. There he takes a horse and goes across the prairies to Broncho Junction, a three days' journey. I told him he wouldn't do much business on that route, but he said he was going partly for his health and partly to see the country. He expected to reach Broncho Thursday night."

The Gry goods merchant laughed as one who couldn't comments a pleasant circumstance. thought it was George. Most Englishmen are

he was going partly for his health and partly to see the country. He expected to reach Broncho Thursday night."

The dry goods merchant laughed as one who suddenly remembers a pleasant circumstance. "You're an Englishman, I take it."

Strong nodded.

"Well, I must say you folks have queer notions about this country. Danby, who was going for a three days' journey across the plains, bought himself two Colt's revolvers and a knife half as long as my arm. Now, I've travelled all over this State and never carried a gun, but I couldn't get Danby to believe his route was as safe as a church. Of course, now and then in Texas, a cowboy shoots off his gun, but it's more often his mouth, and I don't believe there's more killing done in Texas than in any other bit of land the same size. But you can't get an Englishman to believe that. You folks are an awful law-abiding crowd. For my part, I would sooner stand my chance with a revolver than a lawsuit any day. Then the good-natured Texan told the story of the pistol in Texas, of the general lack of demand for it, but the great necessity of having it handy when it was called for.

A man with murder in his heart should not hold a conversation like this, but William strong was too full of one idea to think of prudence. Such a talk sets the hounds of justice on the criminal.

the right trail, with unpleasant results for

on the right trail, with unpleasant results for the criminal.

On Thursday morning Strong set out on horseback from Broncho Junction with his face toward Felixopolis. By noon he said to himself he ought to meet his former partner with nothing but the horizon around them. Besides the revolvers in his belt, Strong had a Winchester rife in front of him. He did not know but he might have to shoot at long range, and it was always well to prepare for eventualities. Twelve o'clock came, but he met no one, and there was nothing in sight around the empty circle of the horizon. It was nearly 2 before he saw a moving dot ahead of him. Dauby was evidently unused to riding, and had come leisurely. Some time before they met Strong recognized his former partner, and he got his rifle resaly.

rifle ready. "Throw up your hands!" he shouted, bring-ing the rifle butt to his_shoulder.

Danby instantly raised his hands above his ing the rifle butt to his shoulder.

Danby instantly raised his hands above his head. "I have no money," he cried, evidently not recognizing his opponent. "You may search me if you like."
"Get down off your horse; don't lower your hands or I fire."

hands or I fire."

Dauby got down as well as he could with his hands above his head. Strong had thrown his right leg over to the left side of the horse, and, right leg over to the left side of the horse, and, as his enemy got down, he also slid to the ground, keeping Danby covered with the rifle. Seeing that the shooting was to be at short range, he took a six-shooterand, cocking it, covered his man, throwing the rifle on the grass. He walked up to his enemy, placed the muzzle of the revolver against his rapidly beating heart, and leisurely disarmed him, throwing Danby's weapons on the ground out of reach. Then he stood back a few paces and looked at the trembling man. His face seemed to have already taken on the hue of death, and his lips were bloodless.

I see you recognize me at last, Mr. Danby. This is an unexpected meeting, is it not? You realize, I hope, that there are no judges, juries, nor lawyers, no mandamuses, and no appeals? Nothing but a writ of ejectment from the barrel of a pistol, and no legal way of staying the proceedings.

Nothing but a writ of ejectment from the barrel of a pistol, and no legal way of staying the proceedings. In other words, no cursed quibbles, and no damned law."

Danby, after several times moistening his sailed lips, found his voice.

"Do you mean to give me a chance or are you going to murder mer."

"I am going to murder you."

Danby closed his eyes, let his hands drop to his sides, and swayed gently from side to side as a man does on the scatfold just before the bolt is drawn. Strong lowered his revolver and fired, shattering one knee of the doomed man. Danby dropped with a cry that was drowned by the second report. The second bullet put out his left eye and the murdered man lay with his mutilated face turned up to the blue sky.

A revolver report on the prairies is short,

blue sky.

A revolver report on the prairies is short, sharp, and echoless. The silence that followed seemed intense and boundless as if nowhere on earth there was such a thing as sound. The man on his back gave an awesome touch of the eternal to the stillness.

earth there was such a thing as a sund. The man on his back gave an awesome touch of the eternal to the stillness.

Strong, now that it was all over, began to realize his position. Texas, perhaps, paid too il little leed to life lost in fair light, but she had an uncomfortable habit of putting a rope round the neck of a cowardly murderer. Strong was an inventor by nature. He proceeded to invent his justification. He took one of Danby's revolvers and fired two shots out of it into the empty sir. This would show that the dead man had defended himself at least and it would be difficult to prove that he had not been the first to fire. He placed the other pistol and the knife in their places in Danby's belt. He took Danby's right hand while it was still warm and closed the fingers around the butt of the revolver from which he had fired, placing the foreinger on the trigger of the cocked six-shooter. To give effect and naturalness to the tableau he was arranging for the benefit of the next traveller by that trail, he drew up the right knee and put revolver and closed hand on it as if Danby had been killed while just about to fire his third shot.

Strong, with the pride of a true artist in his work, stepped back a pace or two for the purpose of seeing the effect of his work as a whole. When Danby fell the back of his head struck a lump of soil or a tuft of grass, which threw the chin forward on the breast. As Strong locked at his victim his heart jumpel and a sert of hypocite fear took possession of him and paralyzed action at its source. Danby was not yet dead. His right eye was open, and it glared at Strong with a malice and hatred that mesmerized the murderer and held him there, although he felt rather than knew he was covered by the cocked revolver he had placed in what he thought was a dead man's hand. Danby's lips moved, but no sound came from them. Strong could not take the leap that would bring him out of range.

The fifth pistol shot rang out and Strong pitched forward on his face.

The fifth pistol shot rang

AT A WEDDING.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

Copyright, 1882, by Anthony Hops. I admit that I attired myself with unusual care. It may have been weak of me, but I did not wish Phillippa March to thank heaven that she was walking down the alsle on Worsley's arm instead of on mine.

And the first person I saw when I got inside

the church was my cousin Flo, dressed with quite remarkable taste and elaboration. I sat down beside her, depositing my new hat

on the seat with great care. "I know exactly what you are thinking," whispered, with a carcastic smile.

"Hush! It's church," said Flo, opening prayer book. "But he won't look at you," I persisted, malignantly. "He will wear a proud, happy smile, and will have no eyes the never had any to speak of) except for his blushing bride."

I hardly expected Flo to reply to this remark, but after a moment's pause she observed, in a singularly incisive whisper: "She won't blush."

I was annoyed. Women are so wanting in nagnanimity. "I bet you a sovereign she does," said I, tak-

ing out my betting book. "And I don't believe he'll look at her all "I'll take you the double event," I said,

angrily. "A dozen of gloves against a new hat." "The best gloves?" asked Flo, her gaze fixed

on the marriage service. "You shall choose 'em yourself," said I, and I booked the bet, remarking:

"He will only notice her. He will not ob serve. Florence, that yours is a new bonnet." "I've worn it before," said Flo, much vexed at my penetration. "Before the looking glass," I retorted, scorn-

"That's all." At this moment Aunt Maud and the Colonel entered the edifice. As they passed us Aunt Maud observed, in a benevolent whisper, "Ah, there are the dear children together, as usual."

I suppose Flo heard. Looking at the ceiling, she asked: "Is there no room anywhere else?"

I took my hat. I opened the door of the pew. In another second I should have been goneperhaps forever but it so chanced that, just as I stepped out, Phillippa March walked up the alsle on her father's arm. We narrowly escaped a collision. I got back safe, but flustered, into the new."

"How awkward you are!" said Flo. "It's an allegory," said I, rather pleased on reflection. The service passed off without interruption

Nothing occurred to stop the marriage. The procession, headed by the happy pair, was formed to walk down the aisle. At this point Flo nudged me violently. "Look cheerful;" she commanded.

"Look cheerful yourself," I rejoined; "you might be at a funeral."

"Might I?" asked Flo, too frightened to be resentful, and she straightway assumed a most dazzling smile. She also moved nearer me. "What hypocrites-" I began, but I saw Phillippa Mar-Phillippa Wors-well, Phillippa's—eyes upon me. Without hesitation I squeezed up against Flo and grinned. I knew that I should hear about it afterward, but I could not afford to consider that.

They passed by us. Worsley certainly did not look at Flo's bonnet, that I am prepared to take my oath to, but undoubtedly Phillippa blushed. I had won. I put my book back in my pocket and followed Flo with a happy smile I found her in the act of kissing Phillippa. 'And you looked perfectly charming, dear,

said Flo. "How do? 'Gratulate you," I observed Worsley, who was looking extremely uncomfortable. Then I shook hands with Phillippa. expressing a wish for her happiness. "I am happy," said she. "Perfectly."

"That's nonsense, you know," I began, "No body in this world can be perfectly "Oh, Mr. Vansittart, just wait till--" and Phillippa glanced expressively at Flo, who was telling Worsley that most men were so awkward over being married, but that he-well, you know the sort of thing girls are taught to say. Some people call it good manners. I call it humbug. Worsley had looked an ass-that's the

They passed on. I caught hold of the beadle's arm.
"Do you have many weldings here?" I asked.
He said that they had a great many.
"Did this couple," I inquired, "look happier
than usual, or-er-the reverse?"
"Never seen a pair more bloomin', sir,"

she ceased to blush, she settled her bonnet, she assumed a staid and distant air, she quickened her pace, and she observed:

"Really, I think that we have been silly enough for one morning, don't you, Dick?"

"Quite," said I, savagely, thinking of the two dozen. "It's nather expensive."

Flo was just entering the gate. She paused for a moment, turned around to me, lifted her eyebrows, smiled-yes, blushed again, and remarked:

"It's abbling to what it will be some day."

I also paused for a moment, leaning my hand on the door post.

"These people," said I, waving my hat, which I held in the other hand, toward the house, "If they find any pleasure in it, may get married every day for all I care."

And we went in to see the presents.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

Thousands of Diamonds and Gems Are In

It, and It Is Very Uncomfortable.

In the Tower of London is kept the Queen's crown, the diadem used at her coronation in 1838. It is composed of very ancient relica but is a modern composition, having been made by the firm of Rundle & Bridge, and completed in the year 1828.

The crown is constructed of jewels taken from old crowns, and other stones provided by her Majesty. It consists of emeralds, rubies, sapphires, pearls, and diamonds. The stones which are set in gold and silver, encase a crim son velvet cap with a border of ermine, the whole of the interior being lined with the finest white silk.

Above the crimson border on the lower edge of the band is a row of 129 pearls. Round the upper part of the band is a border of 112 pearls. In the front, stationed between the two borders of pearls, is a huge sapphire, purchased by George IV., set in the centre of valuable pearls At the back, in the same position, is another but smaller sapphire. The sides are adorned with three sapphires,

and between these are eight emeralds. Abov. and below the sapphires, extending all round the crown, are placed at intervals fourteen large

the crown, are placed at intervals fourteen large diamonds, the eight emeralds being encircled by clusters of diamonds, 128 in number. Hetween the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen ornaments, each consisting of eight diamonds. Above a circular bend are eight sapphires, set separately, encircled by eight diamonds. Between each of these eight sapphires are eight festoons of eighteen diamonds each.

In front of the crown is a diamond Maltese cross, in the centre of which glistens the famous ruby given to Edward I. by Bon Pedro the Cruel. This is the stone which adorned the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. The centre of the ruby is hollowed out, and the space filled, in accordance with the Eastern custom, with a smaller ruby. The Maltese cross is formed of seventy-five splendid diamonds. At each of the sides and at the back is a Maltese cross with emerald centres, containing respectively 132, 124 and 156 space lines and seventy expectively 132, 124 and 156 space lines are seventy expectively 132, 124 and 156 spacek lines diversed. cross with suces and at the back is a Malteso cross with emerald centres, containing respectively 132, 124, and 130 sparkling diamonds.

Level with the four Maltese crosses, and stationed between them, are four ornaments shaped like the fleur-de-lis, with four rubles in the centre, and surrounded by diamonds, containing 85, 80, and 87 diamonds. From the

taining 85, 86, and 87 diamonds. From the Maltese crosses spring four imperial arches, composed of oak leaves and diamonds. The leaves are formed of 728 diamonds: 32 pearis represent the acorns and 54 diamonds the cups. From the upper part of the imperial arches hang suspended four large pendant-shaped pearis set in diamond cups, each cup ceing formed of twelve diamonds, the stems from each of the four hanging pearis being incrusted with twenty-four diamonds. Above the arch is the mount, which is made of 438 diamonds. The zone and are are represented by thirty-three zone and are are represented by thirty-three diamonds. On the summit of the throne is a cross, which has for its centre a rose-cut sap-phire set in the centre of fourteen large dia-

monds.

Altogether the crown comprises one large ruby, one large sapphire, twenty-six smaller sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubles, 1,363 brilliants, 1,273 rose diamonds, four pendant-shaped pearls, and 273 smaller pearls.

It is the heaviest and most uncomfortable diadem of any crowned head in Europe.

THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY DISPUTE. Great Britain's New Claim and the Old Oregon Line Controversy.

Great Britain's new claim to nearly 30,000 quare miles of Alaskan territory under her recent definition of the boundary between Alaska and British America is really much like a reopening of the Oregon question. Oddly enough, oo, it is just fifty years since this country and Great Britain were in the thick of the struggle over that question. The extreme claim of the United States in 1845 was for a boundary on the parallel of 54° 40, and out of that claim grew the cry of "Fifty-four, forty, or fight!" That particular parallel of intitude was chosen because it marked the southern boundary of Russian territory on the Pacific coast, as it now marks the southern boundary of the Alaska pur-Great Britain's extreme claim was for the Columbia River as a boundary. That would have given her three-fourths of what is now the State of Washington, while a boundary west of the Rocky Mountains at 54° 40' would have

The control of the co given the United States rather more than half of British Columbia, and the best half at that, When Lord Ashburton came to this country

HEROINES OF THE RED MEN.

ODD STORIES OF WOMEN TOLD BY THE INDIAN NOVELISTS.

Maiden Whose Love Was Unrequited-Chost Heroines-An Indian Trilly-A Heroine Whose Fingers Became Whales Woman When the World Begon, NORTHWOOD, N. Y., June 14, In the collecion of Indian tales and traditions made by a backwoodsman in this place, from which some stories of heroes were printed in THE SUN, may be found a considerable number of what should be called heroine stories. That is to say, there is a large proportion of stories in which the leading character is of the female sex; and these are about the most interesting stories in the entire collection. To one who for

the first time looks into the literature of the red men, it seems not a little curious to find that women are represented as being among the creators, or as least among the fashioners, of the earth as it is now known to men. Moreover, those curious characters, which in some tribes are represented as men with supernatural powers, are in other tribesnotably among the Eskimos-represented as women. Another curious fact, too, about these novels is that the heroines are more frequently mature women-even old women - than maidens, in the long list of stories of boy heroes found

the collection, the heroine or chief female character of the tale is usually his grandmother. Naturally the widow, the wife, and the grass widow are found among the heroines of the red men, and the fact that polygamy was common among them created an opportunity for domes-tic tales which cannot now be found among the white men of the American. Last of all, and, singular as it may seem, fewest in number, are the tales of the heroine who was a maiden sweetheart only, the girl who loved.

As was said of the stories of red heroes, it is likely that all readers will agree that no better way to get at the real heart and thought of the red man can be found than in a study of the stories he has told. And so, if one would know the standing of women among the tribes, he must put aside the tales of unappreciative travellers and of ignorant and prejudiced frontiers. men, and look only at the heroine in the various garbs in which the red artists portrayed her.

The story of Kalila, as told by the Guarani Indians, who live on the banks of the Parane River, in South America, is a typical Indian tale of the maiden whose love was unrequited. "Kalila was the most beautiful maiden that can be imagined," as the story says, and "she lived in the old times in which the people took upon themselves with pride the names of sacred birds, each one according to his valor in battle." Among the young men in Kalila's days was Amaira, a youth who possessed "the art of making love by singing and playing the flute," but "many say that Amaira did not belong to the land of the living, but rather to the world of spirits, for if he were a man how did it happen that he did not return the love of Kalilai" Now it appears that at a certain season the maidens of the tribe united to give a daylight

festival at which there was much singing and dancing, and at the end of the dancing they crowned with wreaths of flowers the youths who had found greatest favor in their hearts. So when this festival was held on the banks of the river, Kallia crowned Amaira, because in grace and strength and in the sweetness of his voice as a singer he had exceeded all others This event happened near the end of the day, and as the sun went down Amaira, instead of seeking the society of his sweetheart, according to the custom of his tribe, stretched himself upon the greensward and "made his finte to sound in a strange manner, imitating the song of the Caburé, king of all the birds, when it calls together all its feathered subjects."

Then there appeared "among the clouds of fog" that surround the camp, "a great animal, white, and of the form of a tapir, but having the feet of the jaguar and the tail of the fox." Running to Amairá it kneeled at his feet, the youth mounted on its back, and, breathing forth flames and smoke from its mouth and nostrils, it fied away, and, with the youth singing on its back, vanished from the sight of the wondering people. Even when both had utterly disappeared the sound of the song of Amaira was

still heard coming from among the vapors.

As for Kalila, "after having seen Amaira it was impossible to love another man." The route which the strange animal had followed led to the depths of the forest, but Kalila determined to follow and find him or else end her life. Accerdingly she armed herself with a poisoned arrow, which she secreted in the folds of her garment, and started on the trail of the white monster. The trails of hunters and the runways of deer permitted her to penetrate the for-

very often," but eventually the household work kept the wife at home usually, but "when he went alone he never had good luck." One day the wife fook sick and in two days she was dead. "The man felt very bad and buried her in the cabin." If was so icheseome then that "he made a wooden doll about her size and dressed it in the clothes she used to wear." This he placed before the lire when he went away to hunt, and with that only for a companion he continued to live alone in the forest for a whole year, doing the house work, as well as the hunting, as best he could. Then, one day on his return from the nunt he found a good fire in his hut and wood beside the door. The next day there was not only a fire, with wood to replenish it, but a piece of meat was cooking over the fire for his supper. So "he looked all over to see who had done this, but could find no one." The next time he went hunting he did not go so far, but returned early instead, and, on opening the door quickly, found his wife sitting where he had left his doil.

"The Great Spirit felt sorry for you." she ead, "so He let me come back to see you, but you must not touch me until we have seen all of our people; if you do you will kill me."

Thereafter they lived together and yet exparately, until the second anniversary of the wife's death. Then they started for the tribe's village to see "all of our people," and "so you will be well," as the hunter said. They got on comfortably until within a day's journey of the village, and then the husband's love for his wife overcame his prudence. He clasped her in his arms in spite of her warning, and in an instant she disappeared, and he found in the Irequos story of the boy with the charmed seit of clothing to very often," but eventually the household work

she disappeared, and he found he was embracing his wooden doll only.

A good old-fashioned love stery with a polygamous variation is found in the lenguous story of the boy with the charmed suit of clothing to to which reference was made in the herostories previously printed. The boy, dressed in his magic clothes, started on his journey to marry the two sisters that have been pledged to him, but he is waylaid and robbed of his magic powers. The robber then goes on to the village gressed in the charmed suit and claims the girls. The sider sister recognizes the clothes and is satisfied to become his wife. The youngegirl is sure it is not the youth to whom she was pledged, and so refuses to have anything to do with the villain. So along time posses during which she remains faithful to her lover, and then one day as she works in the cornfield site sees a poor and ragged youth sleeping by a fire, in whom, of course, she recognizes the tab. "but how greatly changed." Under her care, as in the usual course of such stories, the youth was quickly restored to his former health and spirits, and then he ousted the villain, and everybody cles rejoiced and lived happily forever afterward.

The heroine as a magician or great medicine woman appears in a number of tales originating in wide-apart localities. Among the Telanel-ches of Patagonia, as Tilk six has told, there was usually a medicine woman in every clan who performed the arts common to medicine men, and with rather greater success than the men. And it is worth noting that the medicine woman was usually a medicine woman in a supernatural manner. Her parents having decided to marry her to an old man who was very repulsive to her, she leaped into the Niagara River, and was carried over the great falis. At least that is the story she told afterward. But just as she was to be dashed to death on the rows the spirit of the falls caught her, took her into cave beneath the fall, and there keet her safely until he had taught her the origin of the fevers that he hid suitor having

One can easily guess that this story was originated by some one who perceived in a dim way the origin of the rymotic diseases in contaminated drinking water, and, further, understood the origin of the contamination.

The frequents story of the origination.

nated drinking water, and, further, understood the origin of the contamination.

The Iroquois story of the origin of the human race makes the first human being a woman.

"In the great mast," says the story, "deep water covered all the earth. The air was filled with birds, and great monstere were in possession of the waters, when a beautiful woman was seen by them falling from the sky,"

On page 94 of "Mours des Sauvages Ameriquains," by Lafitau, printed in Paris in 17:24, is a picture of the woman as she fell, as well as the story of her falling. The ducks gathered "pinion overlapping pinion" to catch and hold her from falling in the water, and the turtle agreed to support her weight permanently. The turtle,

ion overlapping pinion." to catch and hold her from Isiling in the water, and the turtle agreed to support her weight permanently. The turtle, "constantly increasing in size, soon became a great island. The woman became the mother of twins, of whom one was the spirit of good and the other the spirit of evil."

In the Navajo story of the creation of the sun it was the praying of two women of magical powers that brought the long-desired light upon the earth. A more interesting story than that is told by the Hudson's Hay Eskim to account for the origin of whales and seals of various kinds. This is the story of a beautiful maiden named Sedna and the scaguil. Sedna was so very attractive that all the youths for many miles around about came to sue for her hand, but she was so proud of her beauty that none could win her. Finally one spring as the fee was breaking up a seaguil. "Hew from over the ice and woosel Sedna with enticing song."

"Come to me, 'it said, 'come into the land of the birds, where there is never hunger, where my tent is made of most beautiful skins. You shall bring you all your heart may desire; their feathers shall clothe you; your lamp shall always be filled with oil, your pot with meat."

"Sedna could not long resist such wooing as that, "says the story, which shows how much alike are red and white maidens, and away she went with the gull's home she found as some other girls who have gone over the sea with forcign husbands have found, that she had made a mistake. Instead of a tent of well-dressed hides she had one of fish skins full of heles. Instead of a cont of soft furs she had one of walrus hides. Instead of all the food the heart could desire she had to live on loathsome fish. Then she cried to her father to come to take her back to be rold home, and after a year he came

A WATCH KEPT AT A GRAVE

PERFECTIONISTS WAITING TO SER

Cincinnati Members of the Sect Have Been Watering at the Grave of Mrs. Martin, Their Dend Lender, Since May 25-They Are Mystics of Uncertain Tenets,

In a Cincinnati cemetery, day and night, in all weathers, since the 25th of last month, there Perfectionists watching by the grave of Mrs. Honnah E. Martin, who for twelve years and until her death was considered by her followers to be their Messinh. Her grave is being watched that the Perfectionists may have a credible withrest to report her resurrection, and translation in a chariot of fire, in which event they have absolute faith. Her successor as leader of the Perfectionists is her sister, Mrs. John C. Brooke, who once disputed the leader-ship with Mrs. Martin, and was even proclaimed leader of the sect; but the superior mental force of Mrs. Martin enabled her to regain her leadership, which has been of an extraordinary character.

Some time ago Dr. Edgar C. heall, editor of the Phrendegical Journal, was in Cincinnati. There his professional services were engaged by a person who merely gave him the time and place for an appointment, but did not mention the names of the persons whose characters he was engaged to delimente. In keeping his appointment be went to a rather handsome, oldfushload subarban residence, where he met, without introduction, a number of men and women. He had been in the company but a women Mrs. Martin, who at that time was conindered by the Perfectionists to be Jehovah's earthly representative. Later recognizing Mrs. Brooke, he was more than ordinarily interested in his studies of these two, and preserved notes of their characters as delineated by his phrenological observations. He was seen recently by a Sex reporter and gave some interesting ascounts of the two women



According to him, Mrs. Martin's followers are people above the average of intelligence, and several of them have been educated in the learned professions. Mrs. Martin ruled alsolutely, was for years believed to have communication with God through the angels, and to hold the destinies of mankind in her power. As the sect did no open proselyting its exact tenets are not known. Dr. Beall said that in his conversations with the leader and many of her followers he found their language, when speaking of their belief, so veiled in mysticism as not to be easily comprehensible. As nearly as he could determine the teachings of Mrs. Martin included in part the beliefs of the Theosophists, of Swelenborg, of Jacob Bochme, and of the modern Christian Scientists. In the efforts made by the residents of Wainut Hills, a fashionable suburb of Cincinnati, to expel the Perfectionists from that neighborhood, it was frequently charged that free love was included in their practices. On the other hand, it is claimed by the Perfectionists that cellbacy is imposed and enforced by the teachings of Mrs. Martin. Mrs. Martin herself deserted her husband at the time of her first interest in the sect, and on that account

he subsequently secured a divorce.

Dr. Beall describes the as-yet-unresurrected

Messiah of the Perfectionists as having been a remarkable subject from a temperamental point of view. She was a small woman, with black nair and eyes, a twenty-one inch head, a very intense organization, "fine as the hairspring of a watch." As the Doctor delineated her character phrenologically, she was exceedingly ambi-

